

Prison Sex

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Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Power Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sub Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Light Dom/sub , Chains , Boys in Chains , Smut , Lap Sex , Riding , Prison Sex , Prison , Stomach Bulge , Mouthy GeorgeNotFound , Vocal GeorgeNotFound , Praise Kink , Voice Kink , ish , Flustered Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Overstimulation , Dom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Gay Sex , Anal Sex , Anal , Needy GeorgeNotFound , let me reiterate , light dom , Passion , starts out as regular sex but gets better , dram has a slight obsession with george's stomach bulge , Poor Sam , Dream Team SMP - Freeform , Secret Sex , george holding dream's hands up , Whispering , Quiet Sex , Loud Sex , quiet and loud sex at different times , Sensitivity Kink
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Prison Sex

by [bellafeir](#)

Summary

george visiting dream in the prison go brrrrrrrr

Starts out equal but turns into:

-Top/Light-Sub Dream

-Bottom/Light-Dom George---**and for those who won't read dom george-- like, i get it, but this is different than those. like, it works. i promise. read it.**

Notes

do not repost my work.

hi this has some

dirty talk

like more slutty than i usually go for because sometimes it's cringe, but... i think i did a good job.

u guys liked dry humping so i thought i'd do another short one like that :]

“Fuck, so good, Dream.” George moaned aloud, clinging desperately around Dream's neck as he bounced up and down in Dream's lap, shuddering every moment, mind foggy with every gasp. “So fucking good, oh, fuck.”

Dream's eyes were half-lidded, lips parted as hot breath left his mouth. He whimpered when George clenched, both boys moaning in unison. Dream groaned and let his head lay back against the wall he was sitting up against, listening to the spew of dirty phrases that left George's mouth.

The walls of the cell were cold, contrary to the boiling lava that flowed just outside, sizzling and popping in the great black-stone prison. Water dripped from the ceiling and fell onto the floor, interrupting the semi-silence that seemed to hover, daunting in the medium-sized room.

“Fuck George,” Dream placed his hands on either side of George's hips, groaning as George fucked himself onto his lover, causing immense pleasure to shoot up both of their bodies. The long-chain that connected Dream's shackles rattled with the movement.

“Oh fuck, yes, yes. You're so good to me, Dream,” George whined, his British accent rolling off his tongue. Mmf- fuck.”

George released his hands off Dream's shoulders, stopping his movement and placing both hands behind him, his body now at a better angle. He clenched again and moaned just from the feeling of being stuffed. “So big, Dream, shit-”

Dream picked up his head from against the wall just to look down at the brunette who had repositioned himself. George's face was hot, and looking further down, so was his dick.

His tip was red and swollen, almost begging for attention, but George gave it absolutely none. He was torturing himself, riding Dream, and it looked like he had no intention of stopping.

“So fucking hot the way you ride me,” Dream muttered and squeezed George's hips as he slid down his cock slowly.

“Shit, unh- Dream,” George fluttered his eyes and let his mouth hang open, and he bottomed out on top of Dream. “Treat me so well- so fucking well.”

Dream looked down and- *fuck*.

There, on George's stomach, was a small bulge.

George moaned and pressed his hips tighter to Dream's, only making the bump grow.

Dream lifted George with his hands and then rolled his hips up slowly, mesmerized by seeing his own dick through George's stomach.

The room seemed to darken. Everything seemed to disappear around them; the crackling and popping from the lava was just background noise now.

“Stay-” Dream wasn't sure how to tell George what he wanted. “Fuck.” He blabbered out his thoughts, “-just stay-” He gripped George's hips again and pulled him up, causing the bulb shape on his abdomen to disappear. “-stay right there.”

“Unh fu-uck Dream,” George whined, missing the other half of Dream that wasn't inside him.

Dream helped George hover by using his arms to hold him most of the way up. Then, he quite literally *rolled* his hips up against George. Not thrust, *rolled*, slowly sliding himself into George, picking his hips off the ground, and making the bulge appear again.

Dream couldn't stop staring at it. He pulled his hips down and sat on the ground again before he rolled up a second time.

George arched his back as one of the arms holding him up began to shake, almost giving way beneath him. “Only you, Dream- shit, mmh.”

They made eye contact, pupil's gaze locking with one another.

George moaned, vibrations echoing off the blackstone walls and reverberating all around the room, making chills shoot up Dream's spine. He was so vocal riding dream like this.

Dream rolled up again and whined at the sight of the outward indent of his dick poking from the inside of George's stomach.

Using Dream's distracted gaze to his advantage, George picked up his hands that had been pressed to the ground behind him, and reached to his own hips to Dream's wrists holding him, and latched onto the base of the chain that was linked to each cuff. Then with all the strength he had, George ripped Dream's hands off his sides and pressed them to the wall above Dream's head, making Dream sit flat against the wall and pinning his hands above his head. He brought his nose to Dream's, their mouths positioned like they were about to kiss, a centimeter apart, lips parted, moans escaping. Their faces hovered like this, eyes hazy and breath's lust-filled, as George pushed the chain up higher with both of his small hands. George arched his back, pressing his ass into dream's lap, making the bulge grow. Then, he began to bounce.

A series of curses flew out of the British boy's mouth. Dream let out a high pitched wail, pitiful and light, hands turned around to claw at the wall after he realized the shackles prevented him from bringing them down to George's waist.

“Please- oh- oh-” Dream brought his hips up to meet with every one of George's rhythmic movements, “-ohhh fuckkkkkk, George.” Dream's gone, his pathetic wails winey and unfiltered.

“Unh fuck, Dream,” George replied with the same tone, slowing his movements down to ride Dream with more accuracy. He cursed when Dream hit his prostate, and from there, George couldn't control what slipped out of his mouth.

“Fuck. You like that? Unh-” George's lids fluttered. “I'm so fucking tight for you, Dream.”

Dream let out a guttural moan, eyes locking onto the bump appearing on George's abdomen again.

“You like using me, dream? You like me coming to see you just to sit on your cock? Do I ride you good, Dream?”

The red that blistered on Dream's cheeks was plainly apparent, and he whined again, wanting George to pick up the pace. He'd never been this turned on from not being in control.

“F-faster,” Dream whispered, not having enough energy to use his own voice. His arms tugged down at his shackles, pulling against George's grip that was still keeping them there. He wanted nothing more than to help George and hold his hips, but the cuffs kept his wrists against the dark cell wall.

Sweat made the room humid now, everything sticky and warm.

George bounced faster, granting Dream's request and moaning all the while.

“Fuck, you're gonna make me cum,” Dream wailed, his voice so high-toned, it almost sounded like a cry. His breathing sounded desperate, and his body arched against the wall, silently pleading for George to bring him to the edge.

“Shit,” George stuttered, finally removing one hand from Dream's shackles and reaching down to jerk himself off between them. “Oh- *fuck*. *Unhhh*.”

Though he may have been able to overpower George, Dream kept his hands on the wall; he was a good boy.

“George, I'm gonna-” Dream gasped.

“Yeah? Fuck, Dream. You wanna cum in me?” George's British accent sounded sloppy and whiny. “Fuck, you'd make me feel so good, Dream. Please- please fucking cum in me.”

Dream moaned aloud, a harsh and deep cry releasing from his throat. His hips spasmed, meeting George's hips with rough, uneven thrusts. He cursed again and let another scruffy noise slip out of his mouth.

He looked at George riding him. *So fucking perfect*, he thought. His cheeks flushed and mind numb, he thrust one last time up into George, eyes glazing over with pure pleasure as he released inside the small boy.

They moaned in unison, George feeling Dream's release, and Dream entirely and utterly gone.

But George kept going, bouncing up and down and getting himself off with his free hand, burying his face into Dream's neck and moaning, and his legs quivered.

Dream whimpered and squirmed, over sensitivity taking over his movements.

“Ohhh, please,” George begged. “I'm gonna fucking cum,” He could barely get the sentence to leave his mouth.

And just like that, he jerked himself off as fast as he could, pressing his ass onto Dream's dick as he came, moaning Dream's name into Dream's own neck, and dropping the shackle's chain, letting the dirty blonde's hands fall from the wall and land behind George.

They sat there, heavy breaths the only sound in the room as their senses returned to their bodies.

George rolled his hips experimentally, feeling how stuffed he felt with Dream's cum in him.

Dream moaned from the roll, his dick sensitive.

“You were so good, George,” Dream whispered, “-rode me so fucking well.”

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